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POEMS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LIPSCOMB, A.M.
LATE OF C.C.C. OXON, AND CHAPLAIN TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF DARLINGTON.

To which are added Translations of Select Italian Sonnets, from the Collection of P. Nicandro Jasseus and others.

OXFORD:

PRINTED FOR J. WALTER, AT HOMER'S HEAD, CHARING-CROSS, LONDON.
SOLD BY D. PRINCE AND J. COOKE IN OXFORD; AND J. TODD IN YORK.
M DCC LXXXIV.

(Price Three Shillings and Six-Pence.)

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HENRY EARL OF DARLINGTON,

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MOST RESPECTFUL

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ERRATA

ERRATA.

Page 18, line 20. *for* So firm in friendſhip, and ſo fond in love?
read "So firm in friendſhip, and ſo fond in love?"
—— 24, —— 7. *for* thoſe *read* theſe
—— 42, *for* Subiſsàte *read* Subbiſſate
—— 47. —— 8. *for* power *read* Power
—— 49. *Note*, *for* five *read* ſix
—— 93. *for* mandi *read* mundi
—— 94. *for* ſportleſs *read* ſpotleſs
—— 96. *for* Pugnere *read* Pugnare

POEMS.

ODE TO MIDNIGHT.

SHROUDED in thy dusky veil,
Midnight! sober Matron, hail!
Wearied of the busy day
Thro' thy silent shades I stray,
Where no idle cares intrude,
And dwell with thee and Solitude.
Bear me aloft thro' fields of air
In thy raven-colour'd car!
Let my greedy eyes explore
All the secrets of thy store,

And O! diſcloſe to view profane
The pleaſing horrors of thy reign.
Now Morpheus ſheds his dews around
And wraps the world in peace profound;
Seeſt thou there yon tented plain
Drunk with the blood of thouſands ſlain?
Fatigued at length both armies yeild
And leave the ſlaughter-breathing field,
And as aſide their arms they lay
Dream o'er the Fortunes of the day:
Each warrior ſtill by fancy led
Furious ſtrides o'er heaps of dead,
Impatient waits the fatal word
And graſps the viſionary ſword.
Now with gorgon looks Deſpair
Tears no more his clotted hair,
Perſecution ſtops her wheel,
Anger drops the pointed ſteel,
Poverty no more complains,
Moody Madneſs hugs her chains,
Meagre Want his carcaſe reſts
And riots o'er ideal feaſts;

Not ſo the guilty wretch, who ne'er
Sleep's oblivious ſweets may ſhare;
Iron ſcourges round him crack
In dreams his harrow'd ſoul to rack;
See! toſſing on his troubled bed
The Tyrant Nero hides his head!
Rome's burſting flames aſſail his ears,
Dying groans appall'd he hears;
See! before his haggard eyes
A Mother's awful ſpectre riſe!
Round ſhe waves the well-known ſword
And bares her boſom freſhly gor'd.
Now on Arabia's deſert ſands
The pious Pilgrim trembling ſtands
Doubtful if midſt the gloom of night
He bends his wearied ſteps aright;
When lo! the lightning's liquid blaze
The diſtant Pyramid betrays;
And as redoubling thunders roll
And ſhake Heav'n's arch from pole to pole,
Joyful he lifts his longing eyes
And hopes his Prophet from the ſkies.

Lo! there is contemplation deep,
While Nature all is hush'd in sleep,
The hoary Sage renews his toil
And wakeful trims the wasting oil;
Intent the steps of youth to lead
To those bright paths the virtuous tread,
He pens with zeal divine the page
To instruct, and guide a future age.
There tortur'd Avarice quits his bed
And steals him where his wealth is laid,
With frequent start he hovers o'er
And counts with jealous look his store,
And yonder stalks in vengeful Mood
Murder fell prepar'd for blood!

Now Superstition's wakeful eye
With trembling ardour seeks the sky,
Secure that thy o'ershadowing veil
Will her mystic rites conceal;
Whether she to shrines retires
To watch the never-dying fires;
Or by the taper's glimmering light
Wastes in gloomy cell the night;

Or as on Mona's rugged ſtrand,
E'er Roman arms profan'd the land,
She lov'd to liſten, while each oak
In dark prophetic numbers ſpoke;
Or like Bacchus' frantic throng
Who danc'd the wilds and woods among,
When burſting loud with frequent cry
They felt the maddening Deity.
Me may no ſuch Rites employ,
Symptoms of unhallow'd joy,
But rather let me, beauteous Queen!
View thee gentle and ſerene,
And when the Moon unveiled and bright
Sheds around her ſilver light,
Let me with Newton's piercing eye
Dart thro' the regions of the ſky,
Thro' trackleſs realms of Æther ſoar
And Nature's ſecrets dark explore,
And ſee how endleſs ſyſtems roll
Combin'd to form one beauteous whole.
And ſhall the Atheiſt dare deny
The Almighty's powerful Deity?

And impious cry "'twas Chance alone
"Drove ancient Chaos from his Throne?"
Who bade the fiery God of Day
Dart thro' the globe his genial ray?
Declare fond Men! what mighty cauſe
Gave the obedient planet laws?
O! led by Truth's all-chearing light
Emerge from Error's endleſs night!
Confeſs ſome wond'rous Power unſeen
Suſtains and moves the vaſt Machine!
Behold how boundleſs Wiſdom guides
And o'er each ſecret ſpring preſides:
And know, that midnight's darkeſt hour
Can ſhew thee the Eternal Power,
And to an humble mind diſplay
His glories, as in blaze of day,
Whoſe wond'rous might alike is ſeen
In the leaſt flower that decks the green,
As when his red right arm he bares
And the pine-clad mountain tears.
Turn then from that maze, aſide
Twin'd by metaphyſic pride!

If once thy heedleſs footſteps ſtray,
Tangled in the thorny way,
Farewell all the bands that tie
Souls in ſweeteſt ſympathy!
Farewell ev'ry ſocial joy!
Friendſhip's ſweets that never cloy,
And love's pure flame to mortals given
To anticipate the joys of Heaven!
And before thy wond'ring eyes
See! what grieſly Fiends ariſe!
Cold Diſtruſt, Suſpicion dark
Lo! the gloomy entrance mark,
Next Diſbelief with jaundic'd eye,
Then bare-fac'd bold Impiety;
To theſe ſucceed in order meet,
To make the helliſh group complete,
Scouling Scorn with look ſevere,
Cruelty and coward Fear,
And laſt with wild and haggard ſtare
See! the Demon fell Deſpair!
But lift! O lift thine eyes above
To the ſource of Truth and Love!

Who

Who from old Chaos darkeſt night
Erſt at his word call'd forth the light:
And who when Nature ſhall expire
And theſe bright orbs ſhall melt in fire,
Shall bid new ſcenes of glory riſe
New wonders ſtrike our raviſh'd eyes:
Then night and every cloud ſhall fade away,
Chac'd by the ſplendors of eternal day.

BENE-

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF INOCULATION.*

quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, et magnam Morbi deponere partem.

LONG had bewail'd Arabia's hapleſs ſwains
Their groves deſerted, and uncultur'd plains:
Thoſe happy plains where Nature ever-gay
Proclaim'd the preſence of perpetual May,
Where in her choiceſt treaſures bright-array'd
Luxuriant Nature every charm diſplay'd,
With giant ſtrides a ghaſtly ‡ Plague o'erſpread
And breath'd deſtruction on each fated head;
His motley front uprear'd the deadly Peſt
And ſhook with ſavage pride his purpled creſt;
The ſcorching ſands of Afric gave him birth
Thence ſprang the Fiend and ſcourg'd the afflicted earth;
Fiend fierce as this ne'er ſaw aſtoniſh'd Time
Creep from old Nilus' monſter-teeming ſlime;

* This Poem obtained One of the Chancellor's Prizes at the Univerſity of Oxford in the Year 1772. ‡ Small Pox.

Each vale now felt the deadly Tyrant's force,
Nor tears nor vows could ſtop his deſtin'd courſe:
In vain was ſung the mighty prophet's name
To Mecca's hallow'd walls the Monſter came;
E'en in the ſacred temple's inmoſt cell
Check'd in mid prayer the pious pilgrim fell,
Nor could Medina's fabled tomb withſtand
The baleful vengeance of his death-fraught hand.
Thoſe balmy gales that whilom could diſpenſe
A thouſand odours to the raviſh'd ſenſe,
With fragrant coolneſs pleaſing now no more
Spread thro' the tainted ſky their deadly ſtore;
With anxious fear the fainting mother preſs'd
The ſmiling infant to her venom'd breaſt;
The ſmiling babe unconſcious of his fate
Imbib'd with greedy joy the baneful treat;
Oft as the ſwain beneath the citron ſhade
Pour'd his ſoft paſſion to the liſtening maid,
Infection's poiſon hung on every breath,
And each perſuaſive ſigh was charg'd with death.
Blind Superſtition with the Fiend conſpir'd
Increas'd his conqueſts and his fury fir'd;

" My ſons, ſhe cried, with patient boldneſs wait
" The fix'd predeſtin'd laws of rigid fate;
" Nor Heaven's juſt vengeance to oppoſe preſume,
" But each with ſilent reverence meet his doom.
Thus drunk with conqueſt larger ſtill he grew,
And gather'd tenfold fury as he flew;
Arm'd with the ſhafts of fate in ireful mood
He paſs'd Euphrates' far-reſounding flood,
From Schiraz' walls to ſnow-clad Taurus' height
Deſponding Perſia groan'd beneath his weight;
In vain to Heaven her ſacred flames aſcend,
On with reſiſtleſs fury ruſh'd the Fiend,
In vain was Mithraz call'd his wrath to 'ſuage
The blazing God encreas'd the Monſter's rage.
As when his empire ſultry Cancer gains
The ſcorching whirlwinds ſcour along the plains,
The ſtately Tamariſk and graceful Pine
Shrink from the blaſt and all their charms reſign,
The bright Anana's gaudy bloom is fled,
The ſickening Orange bows her languid head;
So ſpread deſtruction at the Tyrant's nod
And beauty's bloſſom wither'd where he trod;

The God of Love in ſilent anguiſh broke
His blunted arrows and his uſeleſs yoke,
Aſide for grief he flung his looſen'd bow,
And trembling fled before the impetuous foe.
Cloy'd with the luſcious banquets of the Eaſt
In Europe's climes he ſought a nobler feaſt;
Here as he reſted on the ſea-girt ſhore,
To plan freſh conqueſts and new coaſts explore,
From ocean's waves he ſaw Britannia riſe,
Her beauteous luſtre ſtruck his raviſh'd eyes;
Pleas'd with a ſmile he view'd thoſe heavenly ſpoils
The laſt, beſt guerdon of his ſavage toils—
He came—and rapine mark'd the Monſter's way,
Sad was the ſcene, for beauty was the prey.
Remorſeleſs Tyrant! ſee that alter'd face
Which beam'd e'erwhile with each celeſtial grace,
With gloomy frowns and furrow'd ſeams o'erſpread
And every ſmile, and every charm is fled!
Thoſe beauteous eyes whoſe ſoul-diſſolving fires
Rais'd in the enraptur'd ſwain love's ſoft deſires,
Now he beholds obſcur'd in putrid night,
And turns with deep-felt horror from the ſight.

From bleak Plinlimmon's ſtar-encircled brow
With grief Britannia view'd her country's woe;
Her ſea-green robes ſhe tore and faded crown,
And caſt in rage her oaken ſceptre down;
" Are theſe the bleſt and envied plains, ſhe cried
" Where Mirth and Pleaſure ever young preſide?
" Huſh'd are thoſe ſounds that warbled thro' the grove
" The artleſs ſtrains of Liberty and Love,
" Now chang'd to frantic notes of wild Deſpair
" Which fill with piercing ſhrieks the affrighted air!
" Ah! luckleſs Iſle! to whom too-bounteous Heaven
" Its ſweeteſt ſtores, and choiceſt boon has given,
" Which, like the bluſhing vi'let's rich perfume,
" But tempt ſome ruffian hand to ſpoil their bloom.
Thus in ſoft ſtrains complain'd the ſorrowing queen,
And view'd with tear-ſwoln eyes the mournful ſcene;
When pierc'd with grief at ſad Britannia's woes
Her country's guardian *Montague aroſe;
Pure patriot zeal her every thought inſpir'd
Glow'd on her cheek and all her boſom fir'd;
She ſaw the tyrant rage without controul
While juſt revenge inflam'd her generous ſoul,

*Lady M. Wortley Montague.

Full well ſhe knew when beauty's charms decay'd
Britannia's drooping laurels ſoon would fade,
Pierc'd with deep anguiſh at the afflictive thought
And whelm'd with ſhame a heaven-taught Nymph * ſhe ſought,
Whoſe potent arm with wondrous power endued
Had oft on Turkey's Plains the Fiend ſubdued;
Obedient to her prayer the willing Maid
In pity came to ſad Britannia's aid;
" Weep not, ſhe cried, tis mine with ſoothing balm
" The Fiend to ſoften, and his fury calm,
" See! where I fly the dreaded Foe to meet,
" And lay the vanquiſh'd Tyrant at my feet;
" Soon ſhall his wings the bird of peace expand
" And joys long loſt ſhall bleſs the ſmiling land;
" Again ſhall Health and Mirth united rove,
" Again ſhall Beauty light the torch of Love.
She ſpake, and quickly thro' yielding air
Swift as a meteor ſhot the lovely Fair;
Thro' the ſad plains her friendly courſe ſhe ſped,
Then fraught with mighty power her arm outſpread,
And thrice ſhe wav'd it o'er the Monſter's head;

* Inoculation.

He

He felt it's force, and ſtruck with ſudden fear
Feeble he halted in his fierce career,
With haggard eye the virgin form ſurvey'd
And in mid air his lifted ſabre ſtay'd;
Weak and more weak the conſcious Demon grew
His towering bulk contracted to the view—
Thus as of old in Merlin's magic reign,
When mighty Paynims ravag'd every plain,
Haply ſubdued by ſome ſuperior charm
The ponderous club forſook their weaken'd arm,
Thro' their chill'd veins a ſhivering horror ran,
And the ſtern giant ſhrunk into the man.

" Henceforth fall'n Tyrant! cries the Nymph, no more
" Hope that juſt Heav'n will thy loſt pow'r reſtore,
" Let now no more thy touch profane defile
" The ſacred beauties of Britannia's Iſle:
" By me protected ſhall they now deride
" Thy baffled fury and thy vanquiſh'd pride;
" Sacred to me near Thames's level mead
" A beauteous * Temple rears its reverend head,
" There meek Benevolence before the gate
" And ſoft-eyed Pity, lovely Siſters, wait,

* Small Pox Hoſpital.

" With

" With open arms the ſacred Virgins ſtand
" To ſhield the victim from thy ruthleſs hand.
" Fly then, curs'd Exile! to ſome deſert coaſt,
" There wail thine honours, and thine empire loſt;
" For now, ſecur'd by every Power Divine,
" Britannia, miſtreſs of the world ſhall ſhine,
" With joy and victory for ever crown'd,
" Alike for beauty, as for arms renown'd.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

Munere— Spargam Flores et fungar inani

Written in the Year 1773.

IF virtue bids us kindred worth deplore
And drop a tear of ſorrow o'er the dead,
Here let our grief in kindlieſt torrents pour
O'er the ſad grave, where Lyttelton is laid;

Eerwhile

E'erwhile was he with every virtue bleſt,
Bleſt with each grace, adorn'd with every art,
Of all indulgent Heaven could give poſſeſt,
The brighteſt genius of the pureſt heart.

But Oh! ye nymphs of Hagley's laurell'd ſhades!
Who ſhall again your raviſh'd joys reſtore?
Fade all your charms, your boaſted beauties fade
For he your friend and guardian is no more:

He whom ye whilom lov'd ſo well to hear,
No more ſhall joy and gay delight inſpire;
Mute is that tongue which charm'd the liſtening ear,
Cold are thoſe hands that ſwept the living lyre.

Then come, Melpomene! with tearful eye
Weep o'er a hapleſs ſwain you once careſs'd!
'Twas you e'erwhile, who taught him how to ſigh,
And ſooth'd the ſorrows of his labouring breaſt.

And ſure there never yet was luckleſs ſwain
Whoſe harp ſo ſadly-ſweet before was ſtrung;
What heart but bled to hear his woful ſtrain,
What eye but ſtream'd with pity as he ſung?

Yet not on merits ſuch as theſe alone
Shall the fond Muſe his nobler trophies plan.
Yet ſhall not ſhe her partial loſs bemoan,
And while ſhe weeps the Bard, forget the Man;

For who, like him, in life's domeſtic ſphere
Did e'er ſo tender and ſo conſtant prove?
Was ever honeſt heart like his ſincere?
So firm in friendſhip, and ſo fond in love?

Humane to all, his ſympathetic tear
E'en for the ſtranger's ſorrows lov'd to flow:
Ne'er did he ſcorn Affliction's humble prayer,
Or turn unpitying from the tale of woe.

Yet tho' with Pity heav'd his melting breaſt,
And felt each gentler virtue's ſoft controul,
One boldly glow'd ſuperior o'er the reſt
And rais'd to joys ſublime his kindling ſoul,

His Country's love—at that all powerful name
In quicker tranſports leap'd his generous blood,
Check'd was each nearer thought, each partial claim,
And this his law ſupreme—the Public Good.

Him ne'er did Avarice' fordid wiles enſlave,
No tranſient gleam of patriot ardour fir'd
But virtue fed the flame that nature gave,
And kindly cheriſh'd what ſhe firſt inſpir'd.

But ah! he's ſunk in death's o'erſhadowing vale,
Nor ſighs could reſcue him, nor tears could ſave;
Not all his virtues, all his worth prevail
To ſnatch the deſtin'd victim from the grave.

Yet from the grave the voice of honeſt Fame
To high deſerts and virtuous merits juſt,
To lateſt times ſhall ſound his deathleſs name
And raiſe his memory from the ſilent duſt;

The Muſe, that ſweet harmonious maid he lov'd
Shall oft to future ages fondly tell,
" This was the favorite ſwain I moſt approv'd,
" 'Twas he who tun'd ſo ſweet my magic ſhell;

" Ye Youths, like him to higheſt deeds aſpire!
" By arts like theſe to glory's ſummit riſe!
" Oh! may your ſouls his bright example fire!
" Like him be virtuous, and like him be wiſe!

THE POWERS OF SYMPATHY.*

WHEN Nature's voice from lawleſs diſcord's ſtrife
Firſt call'd the floating chaos into life,
O'er the dark regions of the ſhapeleſs maſs
She bade unſeen a ſubtle Spirit paſs;
Attraction's mighty power ſhe taught to 'ſuage
The jarring tumult, and compoſe it's rage.
Each atom felt the ſympathetic flame,
The magic impulſe glow'd in all the ſame,
Confuſion ceas'd,—obedient to the call
Roſe in proportion fair this goodly Ball.
The work compleated, ſtill the cauſe remains
And as it form'd it, ſo it now ſuſtains,
Preſerves that order, harmony and grace
Which mimic Art's moſt labour'd toils debaſe
And but in Nature's juſt productions ſhine,
The genuine traces of a hand divine.

* Written for the Vaſe at Bath-Eaſton in the Year 1777.

Tho' the weak inſect eye of ſceptic man,
Who views with partial ken the unbounded plan,
Still will repine, and oft with folly vain
Will e'en Almighty Wiſdom dare arraign.

But tho' hath Nature's great and wiſe deſign
Bid the ſoft bond of Sympathy divine
Being's vaſt chain with gentleſt force controul,
Suſtain, connect and harmonize the whole;
Yet hath ſhe ſtill with wonted bounty kind
To Man alone her finer powers confin'd;
Hence hath ſhe taught at ſight of human woe
The ſigh to labour and the tear to flow;
Hence fair Amanda! when thy charms appear
Thoſe ſmiles divine each ſorrowing boſom chear,
Smiles which to rapture hoary age might move
Or wake a Hermit's icy ſoul to love;
With quick contagion, ſpreads the ſubtle fire
And fills each labouring heart with ſoft deſire.
All ruder paſſions inſtant ſink to reſt
And only Love reigns tyrant of the breaſt.

Nor does ſweet Sympathy alone impart
Her fine ſenſations to the yielding heart;

E'en

E'en airy Fancy feels the enlivening charm,
Owns all her power, and glows, like paſſion, warm;
Thus O immortal Claude! when to our eyes
Thy pencil bids the mellow'd ſhades ariſe,
Our breaſts with ſweet and tranquil joy ſerene
Catch the ſoft tincture of the enchanting ſcene;
Or when once touch'd by thy informing hand
The ſtone, fair Damer! breathes at thy command,
Grace we behold with harmony combine
To ſtamp perfection on the juſt deſign,
And feel with chaſte Proportion's charm impreſs'd
Our ſouls with kindred harmony poſſeſs'd.
But if deep-ſmit with love of ſacred ſong
With Shakeſpear, heaven-taught bard, we ſweep along,
Oft as his hand awakes the obedient lyre
What varying paſſions all our boſom fire?
Now his ſoft ſtrains to tender pity move,
Now rouſe to fury, and now melt to love.
E'en now ſoft muſic to my raviſh'd ear
Down ſweet Avona's banks mild zephyrs bear,
I feel new tranſports my ſwoln breaſt inſpire,
Charm'd with the ſounds I catch the magic fire,
And ſeize the ſtrings to join the enraptur'd choir.

Thrice bleſt Avona! deſtin'd to receive
The richeſt boon propitious Heaven can give!
For whoſe green margin have the tuneful Maids
Left the cool fragrance of the Aonian ſhades,
Flown from their long-lov'd Pindus' fam'd retreat
On thy bleſt banks to fix their happier ſeat.
Let other ſtreams ambitious of their fame
Boaſt with fond joy their favorite poet's name!
Let them in triumph their gay honours ſhow
Fond of the ſingle ſprig that decks their brow.
Thee o'er them all to riſe hath fate decreed
And bound a thouſand laurels on thy head;
Thou ſhalt o'er each with envied ſpendor ſhine,
And ſcarce thy Siſter's fame ſhall rival thine.

TO

ODE

TO THE GENIUS OF BATH-EASTON.

I.

GENIUS of this bleſt retreat!
Who from the depth of thy ſequeſter'd cell
Doſt oft at midnight's hour
Hear the ſoft muſic of the aerial choir,
Lull'd by the ſounds of ſweeteſt melody:
Peace to thy hallow'd ſhades!
May no rude foe thoſe blooming groves profane,
Where with faint accents oft the bluſhing Muſe
Firſt liſps her infant lay,
And plucks with honeſt joy the ſprig,
(Bright guerdon of her ſong,)
That ſhall anon with ampleſt ſhade o'erſpread
Her glowing temples,
When in full ſtrength mature
And with bold hand, ſhe ſweeps the obedient lyre.

II. And

II.

And thou bleſt Avon! whoſe ſlow ſilent wave
Creeps as enamour'd of theſe ſhades,
Go! tell the ſwarms that haunt thy crouded ſpring,
That by the power of numbers charm'd its ſtreams
Were firſt with virtue fraught;
And ſhould ſome envious churl
Diſdain thy ſlighted tale
And ſcorn the warblings of this ſacred grove,
Tell him in vain he hopes Hygeia's aid,
For Jove has with a father's hand
To mighty Phœbus given
The united powers of Healing and of Song:
And he with anger juſt
And bitter vengeance ever will refuſe
The vows of him to hear, who dares to ſlight the Muſe.

VERSES
ON LORD NORTH'S PUBLIC RECEPTION AT OXFORD.

Written in the Year 1773.

AS when Rome's legions pierc'd with ſteps profane
The deep receſſes of old Mona's reign,
With fear her conſcious foreſts rock'd around
And each ſad oak breath'd forth a ſorrowing ſound,
Rous'd from her cell ſhe ſhook with dire appall
And deeply groan'd, prophetic of her fall;
So, when the brazen trump of envious fame
Of late 'gan * war's dire terrors to proclaim,
Each lovely Muſe, who long had ſportive play'd
Secure beneath her Rhedycina's ſhade,
Hear'd the hoarſe blaſt, and chill'd with preſage dread
Quick to her inmoſt groves in terror fled:
The groves all droop'd, and each gay charm reſign'd,
In ſilent ſympathy their heads declin'd,

* The report of a War had been current a ſhort time before.

The

The fearful laurel trembled at the ſound
And bow'd her languid honours to the ground.
But Britain's guardian genius ſtay'd the blow
And chac'd to climes remote the blood-ſtain'd foe,
See! now new joy ſucceeds each labouring ſigh
Swells in each heart, and brighten's every eye;
See! Peace again with firmer empire reigns
And ſhines with heighten'd luſtre on the plains.
O! long, fair Peace! beneath whoſe foſtering ſhade
Aſpiring Science rears her blooming head!
O! long on Rhedycina deign to pour
The firſt, the choiceſt bleſſings of thy ſtore!
So ſhall ſhe flouriſh, nurſe of Arts divine
And ſtill unrivall'd in gay triumph ſhine,
So ſhall ſhe bloom conſign'd to deathleſs fame
Nor Athens' ſelf ſhall boaſt a nobler name.
In the cool fragrance of her laurell'd grove
Shall ſage Philoſophy delight to rove,
The nymph Aſtronomy with look ſerene
And ſolemn ſtep compos'd, and heavenly mein
Beneath the ſhelter of her bleſt retreat
Till lateſt times ſhall fix her deſtin'd ſeat.

E'en now behold her ſplendid * Temple riſe
And mount with kindred ardour to the ſkies!
What tho' firſt tawney Egypt bade her ſoar,
Bade her with piercing ken each ſtar explore;
Tho' next Chaldæa form'd her ſteadier flight
And taught her wings to ſoar a nobler height;
Yet ſhall ſhe here with purer luſtre ſhine
And by her uſe evince her birth divine;
Not as e'erwhile by dark enchanters bound
Within ſome magic circle's myſtic round,
Not as of old near Nilus' thundering wave
Pride's flattering nurſe and Superſtition's ſlave,
But fir'd with public zeal her generous hand
Shall ſhower her bleſſings o'er the happy land,
Bid commerce flouriſh and with ſafety guide
Britannia's prows o'er ocean's foaming tide,
From error's miſts ſhall purge the obſtructed ſight
And lead mankind to truth's immortal light,
Teach them to tread the paths a Newton trod—
—And, whilſt they ſcience court, adore their God.
Yet not alone ſhall Iſis' ſons explore
The mazy depths of philoſophic lore,

* The Obſervatory then building,

Yet

Yet ſhall not ſhe with lowering brow diſdain
The ſofter Siſters of the tuneful train:
Each Art whoſe lenient magic may controul
Paſſion's wild guſts and ſoothe the ſtruggling ſoul,
With each ſeverer Science ſhall be join'd
At once to inſtruct and humanize mankind.

But chief the Muſe her grateful voice ſhall raiſe
And boldly ſtrive to ſound her patron's praiſe,
Whoſe * bounty deigns her labours to incite
New plumes her wing, and aids her humble flight;
Him ſhall ſhe ſing, to whoſe exalted mind
The weighty toils of empire are confign'd,
Born both to grace his Country and defend
—Britannia's guardian and the Muſe's friend.

* Lord North continued the Prizes given by Lord Litchfield.

To

TO A SISTER ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

(A familiar Epiſtle written at an early age.)

BY each ſoft tie whoſe gentle power can bind
In mutual ſympathy the ſocial mind,
By each kind aid which nature may improve
And ripen early friendſhip into love!
Conjoin'd to thee by all that e'er endears
Sprang from one ſtock and near of equal years,
A virgin muſe firſt prunes her tender wing
And warm with pure affection dares to ſing;
For thee untaught behold ſhe firſt eſſays
In awkward ſtrains to liſp her infant lays,
And greets with artleſs joy that happy morn,
When I was bleſs'd, and thou, dear Maid! wert born.
At this ſoft ſeaſon, when young Spring appears
And once again the dreary proſpect chears,
When now, tho' long in icy ſhackles bound,
Reviving Nature ſweetly ſmiles around!

At this ſoft ſeaſon, ſee! each opening ſpray
Burſts into life and hails the new-born day!
The modeſt vi'let o'er the verdant mead
With timid bluſhes rears her tender head;
True to the voice of ſpring the conſtant roſe
Now loves her embryo bloſſoms to diſcloſe,
And faintly ſtrives along the gladſome vale
Her weak, unripen'd odours to exhale;
Yet hath already cankering pride poſſeſs'd
And pierc'd with poiſonous dart her infant breaſt;
See! how the conſcious triumph of her charms,
Glows on her cheek, and all her boſom warms!
See! vain and boaſtful of her little power
How ſhe with ſcorn inſults each humbler flower!
" Avaunt, ſhe cries, go hide thy withering head
" Nor my unrival'd empire dare invade,
" 'Tis mine by fate, 'tis mine alone to reign
" The pride and glory of the blooming plain;
" Tho' my full luſtre youth may now conceal
" Yet ripening time ſhall all my charms reveal,
" Then o'er ye all in triumph ſhall I riſe
" And waft my balmy odours to the ſkies!

Yet ſhould ſome blaſt of winter's ruffian band
Still lurk behind to deſolate the land,
And born on poiſonous Auſter's tainted wing
Spoil the ſweet hopes of beauty-breathing ſpring,
Too late with bootleſs ſorrow may ſhe mourn
Her graces raviſh'd and her honors torn;
And ſhould the Fates, indulgently ſevere,
(The worſt diſgrace that vanquiſh'd Pride can fear)
Should they a bare but odious life ſupply
And, worſe than death, forbid her but to die,
Still may ſhe live, her every charm decay'd,
To pine with envy in ſome ſecret ſhade,
Or ſhun'd by all mid ſummer's gaudy ſhow
Sadden alone, the monument of woe.

But thou, dear Maid, while youth's refulgent ray
Glads the return of each delightſome day
Mayſt thou beneath fair Virtue's foſtering ſhade
Still with freſh ſtrength uprear thy blooming head!
May gentle Wiſdom's genial ſhowers deſcend
And kindly cheriſh, and from ills defend.
So ſhalt thou ſafe the ſtorms of life defy
And Envy's blaſts ſhall harmleſs o'er thee fly;

So

So ſhalt thou live with verdure ever gay
To ſhine the beſt, the brighteſt flower of may.
Far from thy ſight in gorgeous colours dyed
Be folly's tinſel child diſguſtful pride!
And know tho' Woman's bleſs'd with every art
To charm and captivate the yeilding heart,
Tho' Heaven has form'd her moſt divinely fair,
Tho her ſoft fetters may e'en Gods enſnare,
Pride can the lovely tyrant ſoon diſarm
Blaſt every grace, and wither every charm;
Nor, if deſpis'd, of Heaven let her complain,
Heaven form'd her fair, but folly made her vain.
'Tis not a painted toy men fall before,
A vain and gaudy idol we adore,
Some true, ſome genuine virtues muſt inſpire
And feed with laſting worth love's jealous fire;
What tho' by nature deck'd the beauteous roſe
With tints divine and charms unnumber'd glows,
Her deepening bluſh may pleaſe the admiring eyes
Yet more her fragrance than her tints we prize;
So ſhould to beauty virtue's rich perfume
Still add new charms, and ſtill encreaſe her bloom.

May'ſt thou with care theſe precious hours engage
And e'en in ſprightly youth provide for age!
Each day in mirthful innocence employ
Nor loſe the future 'midſt the preſent joy!
So with new ſmiles ſhall each ſucceeding year
And added pleaſures to thy ſight appear;
So every hour in freſh delights be paſt
And each new day be happier than the laſt.
And when the herald of grim death ſhall come
And bid thee bow to Fate's impartial doom,
May'ſt thou his mandate read with ſteady eye
And bear the deſtin'd ſtroke without a ſigh!
Then with nor grief, nor conſcious fears oppreſs'd,
In heavenly viſions gently ſink to reſt!

To

To MISS ——

YES yes, my fair Angel, tho' weak be my Muſe,
Tho' in numbers unpoliſh'd may flow the rude lay,
When Beauty commands yet how hard to refuſe!
Then ſpite of diſcretion with joy I'll obey.

You aſk me how Hurworth's rich ſcenes I admire
And bid me in ſong its bright beauties rehearſe,
O! deign then my ſtrains with your ſmiles to inſpire
Elſe cold are my numbers, and feeble my verſe.

Not Richmond's ſmooth lawns are more ſmiling and gay
Where Thames with ſoft murmurs invites to repoſe,
Not Cluid's ſweet vale can more graces diſplay,
Nor Severn's fam'd meadows are fairer than thoſe.

Yet ſtill dwelt my thoughts, as I view'd them, on you,
Your lovely idea improv'd the ſweet ſcene,
'Twas that deck'd the flowers in their gaudieſt hue
And painted the fields in their livelieſt green.

Thus, thus, and a thouſand times brighter ſhall ſmile
Thoſe ſcenes which thy preſence is deſtin'd to bleſs,
There mirth the young hours ſhall for ever beguile,
And Nature ſhall bloom in her lovelieſt dreſs:

And he, favor'd Youth! whom the Fates ſhall decree
In the happy retreat thy fond partner to prove,
O! poſſeſs'd of what envied delight ſhall he be,
To be chear'd with thy ſmiles, and be bleſs'd with thy love!

ITALIAN SONNETS

TRANSLATED FROM THE COLLECTION OF P. NICANDRO JASSEUS, AND OTHERS.

See Maty's Review from June 1782. from which the Tranſlation of the firſt Sonnet is taken.

SONNET I.

On the ancient ruins of an unknown Edifice.

I Aſk'd of Time, to whom was rear'd the maſs,
Whoſe ruins now thou crumbleſt with the ſoil?
He anſwer'd not; but fiercer ſhook his glaſs,
And flew with ſwifter wing to wider ſpoil.

Di Orazio Petrochi,
Sulla incertezza della rovina d'un edificio.

Io chieſi al tempo: ed a chi forſe il grande
Ampio Edificio, che qui al ſuol traeſti?
Ei non riſponde, e piu veloci, e preſti
Fuggitivo per l'aere i vanni ſpande.

I aſk'd

I aſk'd of Fame; O thou whoſe breath ſupplies
Life to high works of wonder! what remains?
Abaſh'd to earth ſhe bent her mournful eyes,
Like one who ſighing ſilently complains:
Loſt in amaze, I turn'd my ſteps aſide,
When o'er each ſtep I ſaw Oblivion ſtride,
With haughty mein and air of deep deſign;
Thou then, I cried, may'ſt know;.... ah! deign declare.
Stern ſhe replied; hoarſe thunder rent the air,
Whoſe once it was, I ſeek not—now 'tis mine.

Dico alla fama: O tu, che all'ammirande
Coſe dai vita, e queſti avanzi, e queſti.....
China ella gli occhi conturbati, e meſti
Qual chi doglioſi alti ſoſpir tramande.

Io già volgea maravigliando il paſſo
Ma ſù per l'alta mole altero in moſtra
Viſto girſen l'oblio di ſaſſo in ſaſſo;

E tu, gridai, forſe apriſti? ah moſtra.....
Ma in tuono ei m' interruppe orrido e baſſo
Io di chi ſù non curo; adeſſo è noſtra.

SON-

SONNET II.

On Helen viewing herſelf in her old age.

AND are theſe the wanton eyes
That diſputed beauty's prize?
Is this the face that gave the ſmart
To the Trojan's captive heart?
E'en tho' then his eyes had ſeen
On Ida's mount bright beauty's queen?
This ſhe for whom was hapleſs Troy
Bereft of comfort and of joy?
Who, having ſeen the embattled hoſt
Of hoſtile Greece o'erſpread her coaſt,
Beheld her towers all ſmoking round,
For ever levell'd with the ground?

Elena vecchia ſi contempla:
Del ſig. Archip. Franceſco Ant. Tadini.

Queſte le luci ſon vaghe, e ſerene
E queſto è pur quel volto, che tant' arſe
Paris dopo quel dì, che in ſu l'amene
Pendici d'Ida a lui Venere apparſe?

Queſt'è colei, per cui d'Argo, e Micene
Vide ſu' campi ſuoi tant'arme ſparſe
Ilio, e dopo ſi lunge acerbe pene
L'altere mura ſue diſtrutte, ed arſe?

Ah my beauty! how 'tis flown,
Like a ſhadow paſs'd and gone!
But ſad remembrance ſtill remains
And tears my ſoul with guilty pains.

Thus ſorrow'd Helen, when, with ſhame ſubdued
Her faded charms and alter'd form ſhe view'd,
And with deep ſighs beheld, and ſad preſage
The mournful wreck of infamy and age.

Ah che la mia beltà fuggì qual' ombra!
Ma la memoria d'ogni grave eccesso
Rimanſi, e l'Alma rea di duolo ingombra.

Coſi dicea l'Argiva Elena un giorno,
Che nelle ſue cangiate forme impreſſo
Il danno dell' età vide, e il ſuo ſcorno.

SON-

SONNET III.

On the Earthquake which ſwallowed up Catania and Syracuſe.

HERE, O lamented Cities! once ye roſe;
But now no ſtone remains the tale to tell,
Which grav'd may ſay "here did the dread gulph cloſe,
Here Syracuſa, here Catania fell!"

Oft as I wander o'er the deſert ſhores
With dubious ſtep, and ſadly-penſive pace,
In vain my buſy eye each point explores,
But you yourſelves amidſt no more I trace.

Di Vincenzo da Filicaja.
Sopra le due Città ſubbiſſate dal Tremuoto.

Qui pur foſte, o Città, ne in voi qui reſta
Teſtimon di voi ſteſſe, un ſaſſo ſolo,
In cui ſi ſcriva: qui s'aperſe il ſuolo,
Qui fù Catania, e Siracuſa è queſta.

Io ſu l'arena ſolitaria, e meſta
Voi ſovente in vio cerco,

Nought do I meet the awful ſcenes around
But ſilence ſtill as death, and horror drear,
Check'd are my ſteps by many a ſigh profound,
And down my cheek ſteals faſt the pitying tear.

Then O! tremendous judgments! rous'd I cry,
By angry Heaven on Man in vengeance ſent!
I feel your dreadful power, your wrath I ſpy,
But ſtill I read not plain your wiſe intent.
O! from the abyſs, ye buried Cities riſe!
Again, portentous! to our ſight appear!
Ages to come ſhall gaze with dread ſurpriſe,
And at your mangled ruins ſhake with fear.

e trovo ſolo
Un ſilenzio, un orror, che d'alto duolo
M'empie, e gli occhi mi bagna, e il piè m'arreſta.
E dico: o formidabile! oh tremendo
Divin giudizio! pur ti veggio, e ſento,
E non ti temo ancor, nè ancor t'intendo!
Deh ſorgeſte a moſtrar l'alto portento
Subiſſate Cittadi, e ſia l'orrendo
Scheletro voſtro ai ſecoli ſpavento.

SON-

SONNET IV.

ON his oar the ſailor bending
Gaily ſings the hours to chear,
Thus from care his heart defending
Lighter all his toils appear.

The ploughman the deep furrow turning
Gaily ſings the time to cheat,
Nought he heeds the dog-ſtar burning
All his labour ſeems ſo ſweet.

The captive in yon caſtle dreary
Solac'd ſings the plaintive ſong;
Then of his chains he leſs is weary
Then ſwifter paſs the hours along.

Di Gio. Leone Sempronio D'Urbino.

Canta il nocchier ſulla ſpalmata nave,
E men dura gli par l'aſpra fatica.
Canta il bifolco in ſulla piaggia aprica,
E il ſuo caldo ſudor rende ſoave.

Canta il prigione, e men moleſta, e grave
Sente la ſtretta ſua cuſtodia antica;

His ſong the luſty mower chears
As he plies his active ſcythe,
Ne'er ſol's fierceſt rays he fears
While he ſings he's ever blythe.

The hardy ſmith his carol raiſes
E'er the purpled morn has broke,
As he chants his charmer's praiſes
Lighter falls each ſorten'd ſtroke.

Thus I ſing to ſoothe my anguiſh
Nor for glory wiſh, nor gain;
Now in love-ſick ſtrains I languiſh,
Now of fortune's frowns complain.

Canta il villan ſulla reciſa ſpica
E l'ardente del ſol face non have.

Canta il calloſo fabbro, e in ſu l'aurora
Più lievi i colpi ſuoi rende il canto,
Sull' incude ſudando aſpra e ſonora.

Coſi non per aver gloria, nè vanto
Ma per temprar il duol, con cui m'accora,
Quinci Fortuna, e quindi Amore, io canto.

SON-

SONNET V.

On the birth of a Prince of Piedmont.

I Saw forlorn Italia late
As near her Po's green banks ſhe ſate
Deep-wrap'd in ſullen woe,
Her matted locks abroad were ſpread,
And thus ſhe ſeem'd as if ſhe ſaid,
" Then captive I muſt go!"

But haughty ſtill ſhe ſcorn'd to weep,
Tho' on her brow affliction deep
And gloomy doubt were ſeen,
Yet, tho' dire pangs her boſom tore,
With dignity her woes ſhe bore,
She ſorrow'd as a queen.

Di Euſtachio Manfredi Bologneſe, per la naſcita del Primogenito di Piemonte.

Vidi l'Italia col crin ſparſo, e incolto,
Colà dove la Dora in Po declina,
Che ſedea meſta, e avea negli occhi accolto
Quaſi un' orror di ſervitù vicina.
Ne l'altera piangea: ſervava un volto
Di dolente benſì, ma di Reina;

'Twas

'Twas thus that she of old appear'd
When, tho' subdued, she still was fear'd,
Still frown'd with stern disdain,
When by her conquering foe compell'd
She her bare foot indignant held
To meet the insulting chain.

But sudden lo! my wondering eyes
Saw from her seat the Mourner rise
And leap with frantic Joy;
Quick she resum'd her wonted state
Menac'd the Nations with her hate
And panted to destroy.

Then did these echoing shouts resound
Old Apennine! thy cliffs around,
To hail the happy morn,
"Italia! rejoice, rejoice!
"Lift to the skies thy gladden'd voice,
"For thy protector's born!"

Tal forse apparve allor, che il piè disciolto
A ceppi offrì la libertà Latina.
Poi sorger lieta in un balen la vidi,
E fiera ricomporci al fasto usato,
E quinci, e quindi minacciar più Lidi.
E s'udia l'Appennin per ogni lato
Sonar d' applausi, e di festiosi gridi:
Italia, Italia il tuo soccorso è nato!

SONNET VI.

On a Lady who was obliged to tell her Husband that he was given over by his Physicians; written by the Brother of the Husband.

AT length with looks compos'd the sorrowing Dame
Prepar'd the sad tremendous tale to tell;
Thrice to her lips the words reluctant came,
Thrice did her faultering tongue o'ercharg'd rebel.

At last her heaving sighs she bade subside
And for a moment calm'd her bursting heart;
"Oh! best! Oh! dearest Husband, then she cried,
"The power that join'd us once, now bids us part.

Del Sig. Conti Giuseppe Boschi, in occasione dell' annunzio di morte dato al Co. Fabio suo fratello dalla propria sua consorte.

Pria la gran Donna il volto suo compose
Poscia al tremendo annunzio, ahime! si accinse:
Tre volte al labbro le parole spinse,
Tre volte in dietro sen tornar ritrose.

Ai suoi tumulti al fin silenzio impose,
E il suo dolor per un momento vinse;
Sposo, allor disse, Iddio che insiem ci strinse,
Di scior si caro nodo oggi dispose.

"Thee

" Thee now he calls. Ah! why on death's dark way
" May I not ſtill attend thee as before?
" Oh! my fond heart's deſire!" ſhe wiſh'd to ſay;
But choak'd with grief ſhe ceas'd, and could no more.
Her hand he preſs'd, and bade her not repine,
" There we ſhall meet, he ſaid, in heaven again:
" Adieu, adieu—the weighty taſk be thine
" In the bright path our deareſt babes to train.

Ei ti vuol ſeco. Ah perchè non poſs' io
Almen ſeguir . . . Ma qui rompendo in pianto
Volea dire *il mio bene.* E qui finio.
Ei le ſteſe la man, non piangi tanto,
Diſſe, là in Ciel ci rivedremo. Addio.
Tu là incammina i noſtri figli in tanto.

SON-

SONNET VII.*

On a conſecrated Harp ſuppoſed to have belonged to Virgil, by Angelo Coſtanzo.

LO! here's the Harp, that whilom ſung
Of the love-lorn ſhepherd's pain,
Whilſt the banks of Mincio rung
Reſponſive to the tender ſtrain!
Ne'er did Tempe's laurel'd vale
Echo with ſo ſoft a tale,
Nor Lyceum's groves among
E'er was heard ſo ſweet a ſong.

Next it dar'd with bolder ſtring
Pales' high deſerts to ſound,
And the Trojan's woes to ſing
Driven by fate the world around.

* The Tranſlator, not being able to procure a copy of Jaſſeus's Collection, had it not in his power to give the Italian of this or of the five following Sonnets, the proſe Tranſlations of which alone are inſerted in Maty's Review, from whence the reſt of the Originals are taken.

The precious relic high in air
Was hung with fond parental care
By its own ſhepherd in the glade
Near yon oak's protecting ſhade.
There if the gales, that oft around
Wanton dance in ſportive play,
It haply ſhake, with angry ſound
Thus in diſdain it ſeems to ſay—
" Me ſacred now to this fair grove
" Let no raſh hand hence dare to move;
" For once, O Tityrus! I was thine,
" Oft I have felt thy hand divine,
" Nor ſkill'd like thee ſhall ever ſwain
" Strike theſe trembling chords again.

SONNET VIII.

Taſſo to Stiglian.

THAT ſong, O Stiglian, by whoſe ſoothing ſtrain
You, like the bard of Hebrus, lull to reſt
The raviſh'd ſhades, ſteals o'er my raptur'd breaſt
With ſuch a tender and ſo ſweet a pain,
That drunk with its ſtrange power my ſenſe is flown;
Nor now can my diſdainful ear
The ſongs of other bards endure to hear,
Scornful alike of theirs, and of my own.

If yellow Autumn crowns with due ſupply
Theſe precious buds of April, eager Fame
Shall with loud blaſt ſpread forth thy echoing name
Wide as earth's utmoſt verge, already high
Thou moun'ſt, far rais'd above the vulgar train,
In the bright path that leads to Helicon,
And ſhalt ſecure anon,
So mighty fate decrees, its envied ſummit gain.

There ſhalt thou find amidſt the cypreſs ſhade
The harp that once was bleſs'd theſe hands to own;
Say its old Maſter greets it, but decay'd
That now with age He bends, and pines with fortune's frown.

SONNET IX.

Gio Pietro Zanatti to his 85th Year.

PASS'D now and gone are thoſe you ſee before,
Years that no ſolace ſweet have left behind;
For ah! if once ſhort joy was theirs, tis o'er,
Flown like an airy cloud before the wind.

Yet thoſe, tho' dreaded foes they once have been,
No more I fear, but He who there with ſlow
But ſtep determin'd comes, and threatening mien,
He loads my ſorrowing breaſt with heavieſt woe.

O! dreadful Eighty Five! thy power alone
Now makes me tremble; ſpare, in pity ſpare!
Like thy ſweet brothers who before are gone,
Theſe hoary locks, nor deem them worth thy care!

Still

Still to another the ſad taſk reſign
My tottering ſteps to the dark realms to lead!
And I will hail thee, lovely, fair, divine,
And ſhower eternal roſes on thy head.

SONNET X.

On the Holy Family, by Quiritio Roſſi.

I Shall not ſee it, for by this ſhrunk brow,
And nature haſtening to her goal, I'm told,
That ſoon to death's dread ſummons I ſhall bow,
Nor ſhall theſe eyes the ſad, dire deed behold.

But you fond fair one! who now lull to reſt,
With ſweet maternal care the lovely Boy,
And, as you preſs him to your heaving breaſt,
Hang o'er his ſmiles with looks of cordial joy!

Oh! when you ſee him breathleſs, pale, and torn,
Diſtain'd with ſtreams of gore theſe limbs ſo fair,
And added to his pangs inſulting ſcorn,
Then what keen anguiſh ſhall your boſom tear!

Oh! then

Oh! then what ſhall you feel! when this bright hour
O'ercharg'd ſhall be with clouds of heavieſt woe!
Alaſs what grief, ſo wills heaven's chaſtening power,
What bitter, bitter grief your ſoul ſhall know!

So ſpake the good old man with ſad potent,
And the tear burſt reſiſtleſs from his eye;
Whilſt all unconſcious of the dire event,
The mother heard the tale without a ſigh.

SONNET XI.

On the Death (probably) of a regent Dutcheſs of Mantua, By the Marquis Gonzaga.

THEN is ſhe dead, if this it be to die,
Yon ſtarry paths, at Heaven's command to tread,
Deep from thy ſoul Oh Mantua! pour the ſigh,
Wiſe, generous, brave, and noble—ſhe is dead!

And ſoon as to the awful point ſhe came
Where time is loſt in infinite, "Adieu!
"Adieu, my people! cried the princely dame,
"Bleſt be my death if peace it bring to you."

At

At length from ſtar to ſtar ſwift-fleeting on
She reach'd the empyreal holy, lovely, bright,
Which all divine and radiant as it ſhone,
Gleam'd, as ſhe enter'd, with diviner light.

Then, O eternal love! immers'd in thee
Who what ſhe ſaid may tell, whilſt her rap'd ſoul
Loſt in the joys of endleſs extacy
Firſt felt of heavenly bliſs the ſweet controul?

But ſtill on us her pitying eyes ſhe caſt,
We were e'en then her firſt, her fondeſt care;
"And in thoſe moments, as in all the paſt,
"Kind Heaven! O ſave my Country! was her prayer."

SONNET XII.

Paſtorini on Genoa.

IF hapleſs Genoa! no kind tear
Steals from my pitying eye,
When thee I ſee moſt lov'd moſt dear
All maim'd, and bleeding lie;

Tis

Tis not that my obdurate ſoul
Diſdains the pleaſing ſoft controul
Of ſorrow's tender pains,
But that vain tears can only ſhew
A mind enervate with unmanly woe,
That dares not look beyond, nor hope what yet remains.

I do not weep, but the bold air
Thy vaſt ſtupendous ruins wear
Strike with deep awe mine eyes,
For theſe with mighty voice declare
In council grave thy wiſdom rare
And in the field of fate thy deeds of high emprize.

Where'er I look, where'er I move,
Still as I go new wonders prove
What greatneſs once was thine;
Majeſtic ſtill in woe
From the dread marks of thy diſtreſs we know
Thy godlike virtues all, and generous worth divine.

To

To ſuffer well is victory ſupreme,
And proud revenge it is to deem
Beneath our care the ills we've born;
But wherefore this? for I have ſeen
The Goddeſs Liberty of dauntleſs mein
Traverſe thy ſtreets with looks of generous ſcorn:

Seen her I have with joyful ſmile
Kiſs with bent knee each ſhatter'd pile,
While thus ſhe ſternly ſpoke,
"Ruin! thou'rt welcome, but we ne'er
"To ſee the hateful day will bear
"That's doom'd to bend our necks to ſlavery's iron yoke."

SONNET XIII.

On Venice by Monſignor della Caſa.

THESE ſwelling domes that raiſe ſo high
Their glittering heads and ſtrike the ſky,
Deck'd with Grecia's marble ſpoils,
The mimic Sculptor's choiceſt toils,

Lowly cots were whilom seen,
Desert shores and islands meanot
But these a people brave and bold
And free from vice possess'd of old,
Who never conquerors wish'd to be
But only gloried to be free:
O'er old Ocean's foaming tide
Their humble barks were wont to ride,
Bold Ambition's restless fire
Did ne'er their tranquil breasts inspire,
Nor thou, O sordid lust of gain!
Their spotless souls didst ever stain,
But truth they lov'd and faith rever'd
And worse than death a lie they fear'd.

If, proud Venetians! kinder heaven
To you a happier lot hath given,
Elate with new-got wealth O! ne'er look down
On worth like theirs with a disdainful frown.

SONNET XIV.

Father Bettinelli on his Neice's taking the Veil.

FIRST of our race, ſweet Neice! was I
From the world's ſtormy waves to fly,
Nor could all its ſyren gales
Tempt me again to ſpread my ſails:
But ſtill I ſee its foamy tides
Vengeful laſh the burſting ſides
Of the maim'd veſſel which of yore
Me its ſorrowing burden bore.
Nor does one kind ſtar appear
The tempeſt's uproar wild to chear,
Not a ray whoſe genial light
May diſpel ſo dark a night.

Del P. Saverio Bettinelli nella monacazzione di una ſua Nipote.

Io del ſecol fuggii la perfid'onda,
Primo del ſangue noſtro, e la procella,
Dolce Nipote, nè tornarmi a quella
Poter luſinghe mai d' aura ſeconda.

Eppur ſi fiero turbo anco alla ſponda
Il legno, che m'accolſe, urta, e flagella,
Nè a placar l'atro nembo io veggio ſtella,
Che in tanta notte un raggio almen diffonda.

You then for the haven bend
Virtue will your wiſh befriend,
And Innocence ſure aid will lend;
There we ſhall ſolace taſte at laſt,
When our dangers all are paſt,
There high we'll hang our cables torn
Grateful that they ſuch blaſts have born,
And both at length ſecure on ſhore
Smile at the ſtorm, we dread no more.

Occupa pur tu fortemente il porto:
Innocenza, e virtù trarranne in parte,
Ove avrem d'ogni mal fine, e conforto;

E un dì ſchernendo i furor vani, ho ſpeme,
Che ſalve all'ara appeſe antenne e ſarte,
Sulle tempeſte rideremo inſieme.

SON-

SONNET XV.

By the Avvocato Zappi.

AS pleas'd the ſteepy paths I tread
Which to Parnaſſus' ſummits lead,
Glory firſt joins me from the right;
Quick to my heart my ſpirits light
Dance with freſh vigour, and my feet
At once their wearied ſteps forget.
"Forwards, ſhe cries, our courſe we'll bend
"For I will all your toils attend.
Still as o'er various heights I'm born,
Thro' ways beſpread with many a thorn,
Lo! Envy on the left I view;
"And I, ſays ſhe, will follow you."
Her lip all white and trembling ſwell'd
With the rank gall her heart conceal'd.

Quand'io men vò verſo l'Aſcrea Montagna,
Mi ſi accopia la Gloria al deſtro fianco,
Ella dà ſpirti al cor, forza al piè ſtanco,
E dice, Andiam, ch'io ti ſarò compagna.
Ma per la lunga inoſpita campagna
Mi ſi aggiunge l'Invidia al lato manco,
E dice: Anch'io ſon teco: al labbro bianco
Veggo il velen, che nel ſuo cor ſi ſtagna.

What ſhall I do? if back I go
Envy will quit me ſoon I know;
But, O ſad thought, fair Glory too
Then to my ſteps may bid adieu!
Thus then tis fix'd—I'll boldly try
E'en with them both to climb on high
The mountain's top, that ſtrikes the ſky;
There while the one with ſmiles ſhall ſpread,
The deathleſs laurel round my head;
The other mad with deadlieſt ire
From her gor'd jaws ſhall ſpit forth all her fire,
And agonizing writhe, and at the ſight expire.

Che far degg'io? ſe indietro io volga i paſſi,
So che Invidia mi laſſa, e m'abbandona,
Ma poi fia, che la Gloria ancor mi laſſi.
Con ambo andar riſolvo alla ſuprema
Cima del monte. Una mi dà corona,
E l'altra il vegga, e ſi contorca, e frema.

SON-

SONNET XVI.

EVEN from the time, when, tho' I knew
My Goat was taller of the two,
I ſtill would height compare,
For Chloe was my boſom torn,
Nor did I think of woman born
Was ſo divine a Fair.

One day my trembling looks confeſs'd
The cruel pains that heav'd my breaſt
And pierc'd my labouring heart;
But never could I once prevail
On my dull tongue the tender tale
In pity to impart.

In quell' età, ch'io miſurar ſolea,
Me col mio Capro, e'l Capro era maggiore,
Amava io Clori, che in fin da quell' ore
Maraviglia, e non donna a me parea.
Un dì le diſſi: io t'amo, e'l diſſe il core
Poichè tanto la lingua non ſapea,

Then

Then in return, O nectar'd bliſs!
She to me gave a honied kiſs,
And ah! fond boy ſhe cried!
" To thee not yet is given to know
" What pains from love's ſweet poiſon flow,
" What thorns his roſes hide."
Thus, while ſhe own'd ſome other flame,
To age mature at length I came,
The time for man to prove
What ſorrows wait him here below;
And ah! how ſad it is to know
The pangs of hopeleſs love!
For Chloe ſtill my boſom burns,
But ſhe with ſcorn my love returns
Nor heeds my torturing ſmart;
Forgot are all my tendereſt pains,
While ſtill her fatal kiſs remains
Deep graven on my heart.

Ed ella un bacio diemmi, e mi dicea;
Pargoletto, ah non ſai che coſa è amore!
Ella d'altri s'accese, altri di lei;
Io poi giunſi all' età, ch'uom s'innamora;
L'età degl' infelici affanni miei:
Clori or mi ſprezza, io l'amo infin d'allora,
Non ſi ricorda del mio amor coſtei;
Io mi ricordo di quel bacio ancora.

SONNET XVI.

From the Avvocato Zappi.

TWO beauteous nymphs alike in face,
Alike in ſpeech, alike in grace,
Whether the feſtive ſwains among
They ſweetly vie in lively ſong,
Or if the ground they nimbly ſtrike
In the gay dance, ſo much alike,
That when together they are ſpied
Each ſeems a roſe a roſe beſide;
Or like twin ſtars ſo bright and fair
Seems the too-lovely, doubtful pair.
They're ſo alike you cannot tell
Whether or this or that excel;
They're ſo alike you cannot ſay
Which bears the envied palm away;

Due Ninfe emule al volto, e alla favella,
Muovon del pari il piè, muovono il canto;
Vaghe coſi, che l'una all' altra accanto
Roſa con roſa par, ſtella con ſtella.
Non ſai, ſe quella a queſta o queſta a quella
Toglia, o non toglia di beltade il vanto,
E puoi ben dir: null'altra e bella tanto;

But of both it ſaid may be
None other is ſo fair as ſhe,
Tho' you can this of neither boaſt
That ſhe excells in beauty moſt.
Had ſuch a pair young Paris ſeen
On Ida's mount e'en Beauty's Queen
Tho' ſhe were deck'd in charms divine
He would have bid the prize reſign;
But which had gain'd it, that I own
Still to my wavering mind's unknown:
For puzzled then the Phrygian ſwain
Muſt have the apple ſplit in twain,
Or undecided ſtill had been
The doubtful ſtrife tbe nymphs between.

Ma non puoi dir di lor, Queſta e piu bella.
Se innanzi al Paſtorello in Ida aſſiſſo
Simil coppia guignea, Vener non fora
La vincitrice al paragon del viſo.
Ma qual di queſte avrebbe vinto allora?
Nol ſo: Paride il pomo avria diviſo,
O la gran lite penderebbe ancora.

SON-

SONNET XVII.

By Faſtina Maratti, (the daughter of Carlo Maratti the Painter) by whom it is ſuppoſed to be addreſſed to a young Woman of whom ſhe was jealous.

O THOU, whom once my heart's dear Lord
Thrice happy Fair One! ſo ador'd
That of thy charms he'd ever tell
And on each beauty lov'd to dwell,
Now would he praiſe thy flowing hair,
Thy ſmiling lips, and face ſo fair,
And now thy modeſt ſpeech admire
So full of grace ſo full of fire!
Ah! tell me does he e'er appear,
When now thou ſpeak'ſt, to turn his ear

Donna, che tanto al mio bel Sol piaceſti
Che ancor de' pregni tuoi parla ſovente:
Lodando ora il bel crine, ora il ridente
Tuo labbro, ed ora i ſaggi detti oneſti
Dimmi, quando le voci a lui volgeſti,
Tacque eli mai, qual' uom, che nulla ſente?

As if he heard not? does his eye
Aside in wild distraction fly?
For so it does too oft, I see,
When it by chance is cast on me.
I know those eyes in Love's soft chain
Could once his captive heart detain,
And at that time too well I know—
—But ah! I see thou castest low,
(While thy breast heaves with sighs profound)
The guilty Traytors to the ground;
I see, I see thy conscious blood
Pour o'er thy cheek the crimson flood—
Speak then O! speak!—ah! no—ah! no
Be dumb, be dumb—thou shalt not so!
For thou wilt only say, I fear,
That to his heart thou still art dear.

O le turbate luci alteramente
(Come a me volge) a te volger vedesti?
De tuoi bei lumi alle due chiare faci
Io sò, che'gli arse un tempo, e sò, che allora—
Ma tu declini al suol gli occi vivaci?
Veggo il rossor, che le tue guance infiora
Parla, rispondi: ah! non risponder, taci
Taci, se mi vuoi dir, ch'ei t'ama ancora.

SONNET XVIII.

On a noted Miſer. (By Aleſſandro Taſſoni, author of the Secchia Rapita.)

THIS breathing mummy, which to make
Nature for pattern ſeem'd to take
Thoſe figures which the artiſts quaint
On paſte-board oft are wont to paint,
Which ſeems whene'er the wire commands
To ſtretch its feet and move its hands,
This thing which ſtrikes your wondering ſight
Is Philippo Narni hight.
Not a mortal ever knew
That he wore or hat, or ſhoe,
Or coat, or any one thing new,
Yet his uſurious wealth abounds,
E'en to an hundred thouſand pounds.

D. Aleſſandro Taſſoni.

Queſta mummia col fiato, in cui natura
L'arte imito d'un' uom di carta peſta,
Che par muover le mani, e i piedi a feſta,
Per forza d'ingegnoſa architettura;
Di Filippo da Narni è la figura,
Che non portò giammai ſcarpa, ni veha,
Che foſſer nuove, o cappel nuovo in teſta;
E cento mila ſcudi hà ſull' uſura.

See! as the reptile ſneaks along
What holes his bare red roquelo throng!
Yet this full oft the ſordid Elf
With thread, he beg'd, has darn'd himſelf,
But ſtill 'tis rent in ſlits ſo ſhocking,
Tis worſe than Sir John Cutler's ſtocking.

As to his ſhirt, which patch'd and torn
For fourteen ſummers he has worn,
It has not now a ſhred the ſame
As from the ſhop when firſt it came;
His common meal's boil'd muſty bread,
And now and then a cheap ſheep's head,
But when chriſtmas tide comes round,
With one poach'd egg his banquet's crown'd.

Vedilo col mantel ſpelato e rotto,
Ch' ei ſteſſo di fil bianco hà ricucito,
E la gonnella del Piovano Arlotto,
Chi voleſſe ſaper, di ch' è il veſtito
Che già quattordici anni ei porta ſotto:
Non troveria del primo drappo un dito.
Ei mangia pan bollito,
E talora un quattrin di calde arroſto,
E'l Natale e la Paſqua un' uovo toſto.

SON-

SONNET XIX.

NOW the happy day is near,
The fates again in ſmiles appear,
And I ſhall ſee that face divine,
Which with envy makes to pine
The lovelieſt flowers that glad the ſight,
And I ſhall ſee thoſe eyes ſo bright
Which have mine ſuch ſorrows coſt,
And in whoſe beams my heart was loſt.
I ſeem e'en now my fair to meet
And ſay, while proſtrate at her feet,
" And art thou ſtill, ſweet Chloe, mine"?
While ſhe replies in ſounds divine,
" Thirſis, I am ever thine."

PRESSO è il di, che cangiato il deſtin rio,
Rivedrò il viſo, che fà invidia a i fiori,
Rivedrò que' begli occhi, e in que' ſplendori
L'alma mia che di là mai non partio.
Giunge già parmi, e dirle; amata Clori;
Odo il riſpondir dolce, o Tirſi mio.

Then

Then closely sitting face to face
Our loves' long story o'er we'll trace,
Talk o'er with joy each pleasing pain,
And dwelling still on the sad strain
We'll talk them o'er, and o'er again.
" Where was lost the braid of hair
" Which I twin'd with fondest care
" E'er you left me? she will cry;
Then in triumph I'll reply,
" Here around this faithful arm
" See is bound the precious charm"
In short we'll then begin anew
Each our sufferings to review.
O! Cupid do but come that day
And hear the sweet soft things we say!
And we perhaps shall teach thee more
Than ever thou hadst learn'd before.

Rileggendosi in fronte i nostri amori,
Che bel pianto faremo e Clori, ed io!
Ella dirà: dov'e quel gruppo adorno
Dè miei crin, ch'al partir io ti donai?
Ed io miralo, o Bella, al bracchio intorno!
Diremo, io le mie pene, ella i suoi guai
Vieni ad udirci, amor, vieni: in quel giorno
Qualche nuovo sospito imparerai.

SONNET XX.

PRETTY playful, tell me where
I ſhall find thy ſiſter fair?
Goes ſhe no more to the brook?
Has ſhe flung away her crook?
Pretty playful tell me when
Hence ſhe went, and comes again?

Tell me, pretty, what I crave,
And a bigger pear ſhalt have,
Than what lately Cuddy gave;
Nay, a humming-top and ſtrings,
And a hoop all over rings,
And fifty other pretty things.

---

* Vago, leggiadro, caro Bambolino
La tua germana ov'è? più non la vede
L'uſato fonte, e'l bel colle vicino
Dimmi: ov'andò col Gregge, e quando riede?
Se dir lo ſai, vo darti un porporino
Pomo maggior di quel, che Blbin ti diede:
Dillo, e ti ſerbo un bel verde Augellino,
Cui lega un lungo filo il manco piede.

* The Tranſlation of this Sonnet is by Mr. Maty, ſee his Review for November 1782.

Silent ſtill thou peeviſh elf,
Faithful copy of herſelf.
Very well, ſir, aſk another,
For the tale of king and brother,
And of dwarf not quite a ſpan,
And of piteous ſiſter Ann.

Plumbs and pears from me no more—
But ſee he's running to the door—
Why you won't, you little ape,
Call your mother,—here's a ſcrape!
Here, you little raſcal here,
Stop your mouth, and take the pear.

***

Tu taci? o ingrato pur quant' Ella è ingrata
Narrar non ti vo piu miſte co' baci
Le dolce fole della bella Fata.

Ma tu chiami la Madre? oh miei fallaci
Voti! la Madre, ch'è gia meco irata!
Prenditi il pomo, ſemplicetto, e taci.

SONNET XXI.

On the Marble Statue of Moſes. The workmanſhip of Mic. Angelo Buanrotti.

WHOSE is that form of vaſt gigantic mould
That warms with living fire yon breathing ſtone,
In which with wonder fix'd my eyes behold
The nobleſt works of finiſh'd art outdone?

Say who is he, whoſe lips alive and warm
So prompt and ready forth to ſpeak appear,
That all enchanted with the wondrous charm
I ſeem e'en now the flowing ſounds to hear?

The form auguſt is Moſes—well I know
His beard's thick honours, which in waves ſo fair
Were wont adown his holy breaſt to flow,
And the two rays that round his temples glare.

Sopra ſtatua di Moisè, ſcolpita dal Buonrotti.

CHI è coſtui, che in sì gran pietra ſcolto
Siede gigante, e le più illuſtri e conte
Opre deil arte avanza, e ha vive e pronte
Le labbra ſi che le parole aſcolto?
Queſt'è Mosè. Ben mel diceva il folto
Onor del mento, e'l doppio raggio in fronte,

Such was his form, when from the ſacred height
Of Sinai's top the favour'd leader came,
Whilſt from the eternal preſence radiant bright
Illum'd his beamy brow with heavenly flame;

Such he appear'd, when o'er the deſart vaſt
He march'd untir'd, nor at the taſk repin'd,
Such when the ſea's unfathom'd depths he paſs'd,
And then the path ſtupendous clos'd behind.

His port ſublime was at that awful hour
Grand as the majeſty we here behold,
Whilſt Pharoa's heart, ſteel'd by pride's hardening power
Was ſtill unmov'd, and as this marble, cold.

Queſt'e Mosè quando ſcendea dal monte,
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto;
Tal' era allor, quando con piè non laſſo
Scorſe i lunghi Diſerti; e tal nell' ora
Che aperſe i mari, e poi ne chiuſe il paſſo;
Qual' oggi aſſiſo in maeſtà s'onora,
Tal' era 'l duce, e qual ſcolpito è in ſaſſo
Tal' era il cor di Faraone allora.

SON-

SONNET XXII.

On the Italian Alliances with foreign Princes.

OH! Italy where's now thy ſpirit flown
And wherefore doſt thou chooſe
Another's arm to uſe
Who could'ſt ſo well of old deal forth thine own?

Think not that he who bids thy head
In ſafety reſt beneath the ſhade
Of his protecting ſhield,
Think not that he will ever prove
More worthy of thy love,
Than the deteſted foe, who bids thee now to yield,

In both their breaſts fell hatred reigns,
Tho' buried deep
The lurking ſeeds of mortal vengeance ſleep,
And this the cauſe,—they both have felt thy chains.

Dov' è, Italia, il tuo braccio? e a che ti ſervi
Tu dell' altrui? non è, s'io ſcorgo il vero,
Di chi t'offende il diffenſor men fero.
Ambo nemici ſono, ambo fur ſervi

And

And is it thus thy daſtard ſoul
Is dead to the ſublime controul
Of Honour once ſo dear?
Haſt thou forgot the wonderous height
Of thy reſiſtleſs Eagle's daring flight,
Whilſt ſubject Nations gaz'd, and ſhook with fear?

Once to high worth in wedlock's yoke
Thou gav'ſt thy faithleſs hand,
But now the ſacred band
Oh falſe! Oh perjur'd! thou haſt broke.
Go! and thy firſt dear lord betray!
To ſloth, fit partner, bend thy way,
Be he thy wedded mate!
But as thou ſleep'ſt, deep groans around
And ſhouts, and hiſſing darts ſhall ſound,
And dangers yet more dire ſhall on thy ſlumbers wait.

Così dunque l'onor, così conſervi
Gli avanzi tu del glorioſo impero?
Così al valor, così al valor primiero,
Che a te fede guierò, la fede aſſervi?
Or và: repudia il valor priſco e ſpoſa
L'ozio, e fra il ſangue, i gemiti, e le ſtrida
Nel periglio maggior dormi, e ripoſa.

Indulge

Indulge, Adultreſs vile! thy reſt,
Till in the embraces of thy ſluggard ſpouſe
Thy deaden'd ſenſe the ſword fierce-claſhing rouſe,
And thou it's vengeance feel deep-buried in thy breaſt.

Dormi adultera vil, fin che omicida
Spada ultrice ti ſvegli, e ſonnachioſa,
E nuda in braccio al tuo fedel t'uccida.

SONNET XXIII.

On the ſame.

OH! hapleſs Italy! too lovely Fair,
Who to thy charms doſt all thy ſorrows owe,
Grav'd on thy deep-ſcarr'd front thou ſtill doſt bear
The ſad unſeemly traces of thy woe;

Italia, Italia, o tu, cui feo la ſorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, onde hai
Funeſta dote d'infiniti guai,
Che in fronte ſcritti per gran doglia porte;

Leſs be thy beauty, or thy proweſs more,
So thou not love but terror ſhould'ſt inſpire,
So ſhould they tremble, who in ſpeech adore,
But hope thy ruin with untam'd deſire.

Then ſhould not torrents of arm'd hoſts be ſeen
Pouring from thy rough Alps' tremendous ſides,
Nor Gallic herds ſhould graze thy paſtures green,
Nor drink thy ſorrowing Po's enſanguin'd tides.

Then ſhould'ſt thou ſcorn a foreign ſword to weild,
Nor ſhould another's arm thy right maintain;
Sure to whiche'er the Fates may conqueſt yield
That thy baſe neck ſhall feel the tyrant's chain.

Deh foſſi tu men bella, o almen piu forte,
Onde aſſai più ti paventaſſe; o aſſai
T'amaſſe men chi del tuo bello a i rai
Par, che ſi ſtrugga, e pur ti ſfida a morte
Che or giù d'al' Alpi non vedrem torrenti
Scender d'Armati, nè di ſangue tinta
Bever l'onda del Po Gallici Armenti;
Nè ti vedrem del non tuo ferro cinta
Pugnar col braccio di ſtraniere genti
Per ſervir ſempre o vincitrice, o vinta.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE V.

To Pyrrha.

PYRRHA! who's the youth, that now,
Odours dropping from his brow,
Wooes thee in the tender hour
All beneath the roſy bower?
For whom doſt thou with treacherous care
Now teach thy lovely golden hair
With all the eaſy grace to lie
Of elegant ſimplicity?

Ad Pyrrham.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa
Perfuſus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, ſub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis?

How oft alaſs ſhall he deplore,
The Gods propitious now no more!
And curſe the dear deluding Maid
And his fond heart ſo ſoon betray'd!
And ſee with wild, aſtoniſh'd eyes
Sudden ſtorms around him riſe,
And angry winds with fury ſweep
The foaming billows of the deep!
Who now, alaſs! miſtaken boy!
Drunken with exceſs of joy,
On thee doats the live-long day
Ever kind and ever gay,
And to all thy frailties [redacted] blind,
Hopes, too fondly, thee to find
Still as gay, and ſtill as kind.

heu quoties fidem
Mutatoſque Deos flebit, et aſpera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur inſolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui ſemper vacuam, ſemper amabilem
Sperat, neſcius auræ
Fallacis!

Ah!

Ah! the pangs, that they muſt prove
Who raſhly hope that thou canſt love!
See! my votive tablet ſhews,
Faithful picture of my woes,
Conſecrate, dread power! to thee,
Mighty monarch of the ſea!
And my weeds all dank and wet
Tatter'd all and dripping yet,
Shew that I, eſcap'd at laſt,
Smile ſecure at dangers paſt.

miſeri, quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabulâ ſacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta maris Deo.

BOOK I. ODE VI.

To Agrippa.

LET ſome mightier bard aſpire,
Agrippa! thy great deeds to tell,
And glowing with Mæonian fire,
Boldly ſtrike the magic ſhell:

Ill my feeble muſe become
Vaſt heroic themes like theſe;
Nor the wandering Græcian's doom
Toſſing o'er unnumber'd ſeas,

Ad Agrippàm.

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hoſtium
Victor, Mæonii carminis alite,
Quam rem cunque ferox, navibus aut equis,
Miles, te duce, geſſerit.

Nos, Agrrppa, neque hæc dicere, nec gravem
Pelidæ ſtomachum cedere neſcii,
Nec curſus duplicis per mare Ulyſei,
Nec ſævam Pelopis domum

Nor

Nor the rage of Peleus' ſon,
Nor the woes of Pelops' race,
Nor thine, nor Cæſar's trophies won
Shall her weak attempts diſgrace.

What preſumptuous bard ſhall dare
Mighty Mars to paint in arms?
Or chac'd by ſtern Tydides' car,
Beauty's Queen in all her charms?

Of feats leſs fierce and ſofter wars
My airy muſe delights to tell,
Of the bleeding lover's ſcars,
Wounded by the well-pair'd nail.

Conamur, tenues grandia: dum pudor,
Imbelliſque lyræ Muſa potens vetat
Laudes egregii Cæſaris et tuas,
Culpa deterere ingenî.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
Dignè ſcripſerit! eut pulvere Troico
Nigrum Merionen? aut ope Palladis
Tydiden ſuperis parem?

Nos convivia, nos prœlia virginum,
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium,
Cantamus, vacui, ſive quid urimur,
Non præter ſolitum leves.

BOOK I. ODE XI.

To Leuconoe.

HOW long you or I may live
Wiſh not, fair one! to explore,
Nor if fate may deign to give
Another winter to our ſtore;
Wiſer cares to us belong,
The preſent moments to enjoy:
Then with wine, and dance, and ſong
We'll the happy hours employ;
Come! nor let us fondly deem
That future joys our bliſs will crown;
What's beyond is but a dream —
The preſent only is our own.

Ad Leucononen.

Tu ne quæſierir (ſcire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem di dederint, Leuconoe; nec Babylonias
Tentaris numeros, ut meiius, quidquid erit, pati;
Seu plures hiemes, ſeu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,
Quæ nunc oppoſitis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum; ſapias, vina liques, et ſpatio brevi
Spem longam reſeces. Dum loqnimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula poſtero.

BOOK

BOOK I. ODE XVII.

To Tyndaris.

OFT does Pan delight to change
Fam'd Lyceum's cluſtering bowers,
For this humbler mountain's range,
Strew'd with ſweets and deck'd with flowers;

Here he bends his foſtering care
O'er the younglings of my fold;
Wards off every noxious air,
Summer's heat and winter's cold;

E'en the timid mothers rove
Where the ſtrawbery ſweet invites,
Secure they range the thymy grove,
Nought their peaceful ſteps affrights,

Ad Tyndaridem.

Velox amœnum ſæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æſtatem capellis
Uſque meis, pluvioſque ventos.

Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
Quærunt latentes, et thyma deviæ
Olentis uxores mariti:
Nec virides metuunt colubros,

The

The kids nor wolves nor ſerpents fear,
So long as wafted by the gale
The pipe's ſhrill notes they jocund hear
Echoing ſweetly down the vale.

Suſtain'd by Heaven's peculiar care,
Tis to the Muſe my wealth I owe,
Hence my kine ſuch burdens bare,
Hence my rural treaſures flow;

Haſte then, Delia, haſte away,
And beneath this cool retreat,
Tho' blazing Sirius ſcorch the day,
We'll defy his fierceſt heat.

Nec Martiales hædilia lupos;
Utcumque dulci, Tyndari, fiſtula
Valles, et Uſticæ cubantis
Levia perſonuere ſaxa.

Dî me tuentur: Dîs pietas mea
Et muſa cordi eſt. hinc tibi Copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

Old

Old Anacreon's feſtive lyre
  Shall the woes of lovers tell,
Sing of Circe's lawleſs fire,
  And the wife who lov'd ſo well;

While the briſkly-flowing bowl
  Shall only temper'd joys inſpire,
And decent order's ſage controul
  Shall baniſh every rude deſire;

Nor needs my modeſt bluſhing Fair
  Saucy Damon's outrage dread,
Here aw'd by me he ſhall not dare
  To touch a ringlet of thy head.

Hîc in reducta valle caniculæ
Vitabis æſtus, et fide Teiâ
  Dices laborantes in uno
    Penelopen vitreamque Circen.

Hîc innocentis pocula Leſbii
Duces ſub umbra: nec Semeleius
  Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
    Prœlia; nec metues protervum

Suſpecta Cyrum, ne male diſpari
Incontinentes injiciat manus,
  Et ſcindat hærentem coronam
    Crinibus, immeritamque veſtem.

BOOK I. ODE XIX.

On Glycera.

THO' to love I bade adieu
Yet my poor dovoted heart
Venus bids its pains renew,
And again I feel the ſmart.

Cælia beauteous charming Fair
Sets my raviſh'd ſoul on fire,
And her ſweet bewitching air
Fills my breaſt with wild deſire.

Not the brightneſs that we prize
In the Parian ſtone's ſo pure:
And the ſoft rapture in her eyes
Ah! what mortal may endure?

De Glycera.

Mater ſæva Cupidinum,
Thebanæque jubet me Semeles puer,
Et laſciva Licentia,
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.
Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario mamore puriùs,
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aſpici.

Venus' whole power ſubdues my ſoul,
She has left her Cyprian throne,
And ſecure from all controul
Now in me ſhe reigns alone:

Nor of the Scythian fierce in arms,
Nor of the Parthian's treacherous flight,
Nor of aught but Cæliа's charms,
Will my love-lorn Muſe indite.

Haſte! and let ſweet incenſe riſe,
And the ſpotleſs heifer bind,
When the trembling victim dies,
Then perhaps ſhe may be kind.

In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deſeruit; nec patitur Scythas,
Et verſis animoſum equis
Parthum dicere, nec quæ nihil attinent.
Hìc vivum mihi ceſpitem, hìc
Verbenas, pueri, ponite, thuraque
Bimi cum paterâ meri:
Mactatâ veniet lenior hoſtiâ.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

BLEST is the Man to conſcious guilt unknown,
Nor needs the vengeful Ethiop's poiſonous ſpear:
Secure in virtuous innocence alone
He ſmiles at dangers and is deaf to fear;
Whether o'er Lybia's ſcorching ſands he goes,
Or ſnow-clad Caucaſus' unknown domains,
Or where the Hydaſpes' fabled current flows
In wanton mazes o'er the verdant plains.
As my fond theme I late with joy purſued
And heedleſs o'er my Sabine limits ſtray'd
A ravening wolf I met, my form he view'd,
And fled in terror thro' the diſtant glade.

Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida ſagittis,
Fuſce, pharetrâ;
Sive per ſyrtes iter æſtuoſas,
Sive facturus per inhoſpitalem
Caucaſum, vel quæ loca fabuloſus
Lambit Hydaſpes.
Namque me ſylva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

Tho' Daunia's rugged foreſts ne'er poſſeſs'd
A horrid monſter of more ſavage brood,
Nor tawney Afric, at whoſe ſhaggy breaſt
The famiſh'd lion ſucks his deadly food;

Place me, ye God's! where conſtant clouds appear,
Where moiſt Aquarius ever mournful reigns,
Where waves no ſhrub the dreary waſte to chear,
But angry Jove in fury rends the plains!

Place me where Sol the ſickening verdure ſpoils,
Give me the Maid I love, I aſk no more!
There while ſhe ſoftly ſpeaks, and ſweetly ſmiles,
I'll gaze with rapture, and with joy adore.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit eſculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.
Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtivâ recreatur aurâ;
Quod latus mandi nebulæ, maluſque
Jupiter urget:
Pone ſub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

BOOK I. ODE XXIV.

To Virgil.

WHY ſhould we bluſh to pour the generous tear,
Why check our ſorrows for a friend ſo dear?
Come then, thou goddeſs of the plaintive lyre,
And ſtrains congenial to our grief inſpire!
For ah! He's gone! nor all his worth could ſave
The deſtin'd victim from the ruthleſs grave!
His was nice honour's bluſh—the ſportleſs ſoul
That bow'd alone to truth's ſublime controul,
His every virtue that exalts the mind,
And every feeling that adorns mankind;

Ad Virgilium.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus,
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene! cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit.

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus ſopor
Urget? cui Pudor, et Juſtitiæ ſoror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum inveniet parem?

The

The virtuous all in one deep ſorrow join,
But none, my Virgil, feel a pang like thine;
Still, tho' in ſpite of Fate's eternal doom,
Still thy fond prayers expect him from the tomb;
Yet tho' not Orpheus' ſtrains could e'er excel
The magic number's of thy tuneful ſhell,
Vain are they all—nor can they now reſtore
Life's fleeting moments that return no more:
Then ſince 'tis Heaven's high will, our loſs we'll bear,
Nor murmur at the ſtroke, howe'er ſevere.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit;
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili.
Tu fruſtra pius, heu! non ita creditum,
Poſcis Quintilium Deos.

Quod ſi Threïcio blandiùs Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem;
Non vanæ redeat ſanguis imagini,
Quam virga ſemel horrida

Non lenis precibus fata recludere,
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
Durum: ſed levius fit patientia,
Quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.

BOOK I. ODE XXVII.

To his Companions.

TO fight o'er our cups is a practice ſo baſe
As alone can become the wild native of Thrace.
Away with the barbarous cuſtom, nor e'er
Let the good-humour'd God amid riot appear:
Can the taper's gay blaze and the banquet accord
With the boiſterous rage of the death-doing ſword?
Then huſh the rude clamour, the diſſonant ſound,
And ſit ſtill while the bumpers go chearfully round!

Ad Sodales.

———

Natis in uſum lætitiæ ſcyphis
Pugnere Thracum eſt. tollite barbarum
Morem, verecundumquè Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis.

Vino et lucernis Meèus acinaces
Immane quantum diſcrepat, impium
Lenite clamorem, ſodales,
Et cubito remanete preſſo.

Do you wiſh me to pledge you? then freely declare
Who's the girl of your heart. who's the favorite fair.
What, bluſh to avow her! oh! where is the ſhame
To own that your breaſt feels a generous flame?
For whoe'er be the nymph, ne'er doubt but ſhe'll prove,
Deſerving your paſſion, and fit for your love;
Then come! and her name now no longer conceal,
Nor fear that I e'er will the ſecret reveal—
Ah, Ah is it ſhe?—Oh! wretch that thou art,
To glow with a flame ſo unworthy thy heart!

Vultis ſeveri me quoque ſumere
Partem Falerni? dicat Opuntiæ
Frater Magillæ, quo beatus
Vulnere, qua pereat ſagitta.
Ceſſat voluntas? non aliâ bibam
Mercede. quæ te cunque domat Venus,
Non erubeſcendis adurit
Ignibus, ingenuoque ſemper
Amore peccas. quicquid habes, age,
Depone tutis auribus. ah miſer,
Quanta laboras in Charybdi! ———.
Digne puer meliore flamma.

What force of enchantment, what magical ſpell,
What power from heaven, what Demon from hell
Can e'er hope to ſhake her deſpotic controul?
Or break the curſt ſhackles that fetter thy ſoul?
Not Bellerophon's ſelf, tho' ſo fam'd, could get free,
Were he link'd to a monſter ſo hateful as ſhe.

Quæ ſaga, quis te ſolvere Theſſalis
Majus venenis, quis poterit Deus?
Vix illigatum te triformi
Pegaſus expediet Chimæra.

BOOK II. ODE IX.

To Valgius.

THE lowering clouds that big with fury ſcoul,
Drown not with ceaſeleſs ſhowers the ſorrowing plain,
Nor boiſterous ſtorms for ever vengeful howl,
Or pour their thunders o'er the Caſpian main:

Ad Valgium.

Non ſemper imbres nubibus hiſpidos
Manant in agres; aut mare Caſpium
Vexant inæquales Procellæ
Uſque;

Nor ſees Armenis's tempeſt-beaten coaſt
Eternal ſnows her dreary waſtes o'erſpread,
Nor ever wails you aſh his foliage loſt,
Nor ever rocks old Gargan's oak-crown'd head;

But you, dear friend! with never-ceaſing ſighs
Weep o'er your Miſte's ſad untimely bier;
The morn but opens to repeat your cries,
The ſun ne'er ſets till you have drop'd a tear;

——nec Armeniis in oris,
Amice Valgi, ſtat glacies iners
Menſes per omnes; aut Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant,
Et foliis viduantur orni.

Tu ſemper urges flebilibus modis
Myſten ademptum; nec tibi Veſpero
Surgente decedunt amores,
Nec rapidum fugiente ſolem.

Ne'er did the ſage, who thrice the Fates o'ercame,
So oft his loſt Antilochus bemoan,
Not thus the Phrygian maids a brother's name,
Not thus did Priam wail a duteous ſon.

Ceaſe there to grieve, no more of Fate complain!
Nor nurſe with fond anxiety thy woe,
Let the gay muſe now ſtrike a livelier ſtrain,
And count the laurels on Auguſtus' brow;

Be Cæſar's mighty victories her theme
And warlike Scythia's hardy ſons ſubdued——
Or Medus weeping o'er his vanquiſh'd ſtream,
Or cold Niphates with contracted flood.

At non ter ævo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antilochum ſenex
Annos; nec impubem parentes
Troilon, aut Phrygiæ ſorores

Flevere ſemper. deſine mollium
Tandem querelarum; et potius nova
Canremus Auguſti tropæa
Cæſaris, et rigidum Niphatem,

Medumque flumen gentibus additum
Victis, minores volvere vortices;
Intraque præſcriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis

BOOK III. ODE XI.

To Mercury.

O THOU! from whom Amphion's lyre
First caught its ſtrong perſuaſive fire,
And drew the melting rocks along!
And thou, ſweet ſhell! tho' rude of yore,
Who now canſt with reſiſtleſs power
Charm Gods and Heroes with thy ſong!

O! for ſome ſoft, ſome magic ſtrain,
Which ſpite of all her cold diſdain,
May Lyde's breaſt to rapture move!
The Wanton, yet of man afraid,
Friſks like a filly through the glade,
Nor dares to taſte the joys of love.

Ad Mercurium.

Mercuri (nam te docilis magiſtro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo)
Tuque, Teſtudo, reſonare ſeptem
Callida nervis,

Nec loquax olim neque grata. nunc et
Divitum menſis et amica templis;
Dic modos, Lyde quibus obſtinatas
Applicet aures:

'Tis thine by Muſic's ſoftening art
To melt the ſavage tyger's heart,
And make the captive groves obey :
The impetuous torrent owns thy force,
And ſtays him in his headlong courſe
In wonder liſtening to thy lay.

Hell's three-tongu'd monſter at thy ſound
Fell, ſooth'd with pleaſure, to the ground,
And liſtleſs hung his gore-ſtain'd jaws ;
Each ſnake around his fiery creſt
Sunk, conſcious of thy power, to reſt
And curl'd himſelf in ſoft applauſe.

Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
Naptiarum expers, et adhuc proterva
Cruda marito.

Tu potes tigres comiteſque ſilvas
Ducere, et rivos celeres morari.
Ceſſit immanis tibi blandienti
Janitor aulæ
Cerberus ; quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus, atque
Spiritus teter, ſanieſque manet
Ore trilingui :

Thou

Thou could'ſt Ixion's pains beguile,
And make e'en ſtubborn Tityos ſmile;
The virgin ſiſters too repoſe,
And dry awhile their urn remains,
While charm'd with thy melodious ſtrains,
They hear away their woes.

Tell for what crimes they labour ſtill
The ne'er-encreaſing caſk to fill,
Which ever cheats their fruitleſs pains,
That wondering Lyde them may know,
What certain puniſhment below
Juſt fate for guilty ſouls ordains.

Quin et Ixion, Tityoſque vultu
Riſit invito: ſtetit urna paulum
Sicca, dum grato Danai puellas
Carmine mulces.

Audiat Lyde ſcelus, atque notas
Virginum pœnas, et inane lymphæ
Dolium fundo pereuntis imo,
Seraque fata,

Quæ manent culpas etiam ſub Orco.

Oh monſters! for what deed more foul
Could tempt a tender virgin's ſoul
So vengeful and ſo falſe to prove?
Oh! monſters! who could plunge the ſword
Each in the boſom of her lord
To mercy ſenſeleſs as to love!

Yet one let future ages hail,
And, oft as they rehearſe the tale,
With zeal applaud the virtuous maid,
Midſt crimes like theſe who ſingly-good
Firm to the vows of Hymen ſtood,
And nobly-falſe her ſire betray'd.

Impiæ, (nam quid potuere majus?)
Impiæ ſponſos potuere dure
Perdere ferro.

Una de multis, face nuptiali
Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem
Splendidè mendax, et in omne virgo
Nobilis ævum;

Ariſe, my youth! ariſe, ſhe cried,
And leave thy weeping widow'd bride,
Leſt ſoon we taſte of bitterer woes,
No longer court the joys of reſt,
Leſt torn for ever from my breaſt
Eternal ſleep thine eyelids cloſe:

Fly the ſad fate my fears preſage,
Elude a cruel father's rage,
Thy ſiſters ſcape, a ſavage brood;
No lioneſs at midnight's hour
Would with more rage the kid devour,
Or ſuck with greedier joy his blood.

Surge, quæ dixit juveni marito,
Surge, ne longus tibi ſomnus, unde
Non times, detur: ſocerum et ſceleſtas
Falle ſorores;

Quæ, velut nactæ vitulos leænæ,
Singulos eheu! lacerant: ego illis
Mollior nec te feriam, nec intra
Clauſtra tenebo.

From me more kind thou ne'er ſhalt feel
Or galling chains or vengeful ſteel:
Give me to ward the fatal blow:
Load me, my Sire! with heavieſt chains,
Drive me to hot Numidia's plains!
Be this my crime, with joy I'll go.

Fly! and may love and conſcious night
And each kind ſtar direct thy flight,
Fly, and thy wayward fate purſue!
Engrave our ſorrows on my tomb!
That they may know, who read my doom,
That I, tho' wretched, yet was true.

Me pater ſævis oneret catenis,
Quod viro clemens miſero peperci;
Me vel extremis Numidarum in oris
Claſſe releget.

I, pedes quo te rapient et auræ,
Dum favet nox et Venus: i ſecundo
Omine, et noſtri memorem ſepulchro
Sculpe querelam.

BOOK III. ODE XIII.

To the Fountain of Blanduſia.

FAIREST ſpring! whoſe waters glide
Purer than the chryſtal tide,
To thee ſhall ivied Bacchus pour
All his ſweet delicious ſtore,
And e'er long to thee decreed
A firſtling of the herd ſhall bleed,

A ſpotleſs kid, whoſe tender brow
Juſt feels the budding antlers grow,
And idly-ſportive tries to prove
Deeds of war and feats of love,
In vain—for ah! his wanton blood
Soon ſhall dye thy virgin flood.

Ad Fontem Blanduſiæ.

O fons Blanduſiæ, ſplendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero, non ſine floribus,
Cras donaberis hædo;
Cui frons turgida cornibus
Primis, et Venerem et prœlia deſtinat
Fruſtra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi
Rubro ſarguine rivos
Laſcivi ſoboles gregis.

E'en the ſultry dog-ſtar's heat
Cannot pierce thy cool retreat,
The fainting herd, the yoke-gall'd ſteer
Haunt at eve thy margin clear,
There refreſh'd forget their pain,
Taſte of thee, and live again.

The oak, from whence thy waters flow
Babling o'er the rocks below,
Which o'er thee bends his friendly ſhade,
Shall bloom in verſe and never fade:
And thou immortaliz'd ſhall ſhine,
Faireſt thou of ſprings divine!

Te flagrantis atrox hora caniculæ
Neſcit tangere; tu frigus amabile
Feſſis vomere tauris
Præbes, et pecori vago.
Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis impoſitam ilicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphæ deſiliunt tuæ.

BOOK IV. ODE XIII.

To Lyce.

THANKS to the Gods! at length they've heard my vows,
And Time hath ſtampt his wrinkles on thy brows:
Yet, Lyce! tho' by feeble age oppreſs'd,
Still thine old paſſions fire thy raging breaſt,
Riot and wine are yet alone thy care,
And pride perſuades thee that thou ſtill art fair;
Still do'ſt thou ſtrive by Bacchus' borrow'd fire
To rouſe the ſlumbering ſeeds of faint deſire:

Ad Lycen.

Audivere, Lyce, Dii mea vota, Dii
Audivere, Lyce: fis anus, et tamen
Vis formoſa videri;
Ludiſque et bibis impudens;

Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
Lentum ſollicitas.

Still

Still doſt thou hope thy faultering voice can move
The ſoul to rapture, and the heart to love:
But Love to warmer climes impatient flies
And drinks ſweet poiſon from Cleora's eyes,
Hers are thoſe charms, and hers that heavenly ſtrain
Which thy hoarſe croaking ſtrives to reach in vain.
See! with quick wing the wiſe induſtrious bee
Flies from the wither'd trunk and ſapleſs tree,
Thus thy pale ſhrivel'd lips and hoary hair
Bid e'en the fondeſt Lover's warmth deſpair
To taſte the ſweets of honied nectar there.
'Tis not the Tyrian purple can ſupply
The faded luſtre of that leaden eye,
Nor India's brighteſt gems that can reſtore
Youth's fleeting moments, which return no more;

——— ille virentis et
Doctæ pſallere Chiæ
Pulchris excubat in genis.
Importunus enim tranſvolat aridas
Quercus, et refugit, te quia luridi
Dentes, te quia rugæ
Turpant, et capitis nives.
Nec Coæ referunt jam tibi purpuræ,
Nec clari Lapides tempora, quæ ſemel
Notis condita faſtis
Incluſit volucris Dies.

Where now is fled the queen of ſoft deſire?
Where are thoſe charms that ſet my ſoul on fire?
Charms that could once with envied ſplendor ſhine
And none but Delia's be compar'd with thine;
But her the fates in beauty's fulleſt bloom
Swept in kind pity to the ſilent tomb:
Thee they reſerve, thine every charm decay'd,
To pine with anguiſh in ſome ſecret ſhade,
Or, like the Raven, ſtretch thy wither'd throat,
And ſhake the foreſts with diſcordant note;
The youths with ſcorn ſhall ſee thy torch expire,
Its ſplendor vaniſh'd and extinct its fire,
And then, to aggravate thy deep deſpair,
Say with malicious taunt—"Thou once wert fair."

Quo fugit Venus? heu! quove color? decens
Quo motus? quid habes illius, illius,
Quæ ſpirabat amores.
Quæ me ſupuerat mihi,
Fælix poſt Cynaram, notaque et artium
Gratarum facies? ſed Cynaræ breves
Annos fata dederunt,
Servatura diu parem
Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lycen:
Poſſent ut juvenes viſere fervidi,
Multo non ſine riſu,
Dilapſam in cineres facem.

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FINIS.

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But ber the fates in beauty's fulleſt bloom
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Thee thy relapſe, thine every charm decay'd,
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Quo motus? quid habes illius, illius,
Quæ ſpirabat amores,
Quæ me ſuſpirare fecit, beatum
Fælix poſt Cynaram, notaque et artium
Gratarum facies? ſed Cynarae breves
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Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lycæ.
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FINIS.